MID
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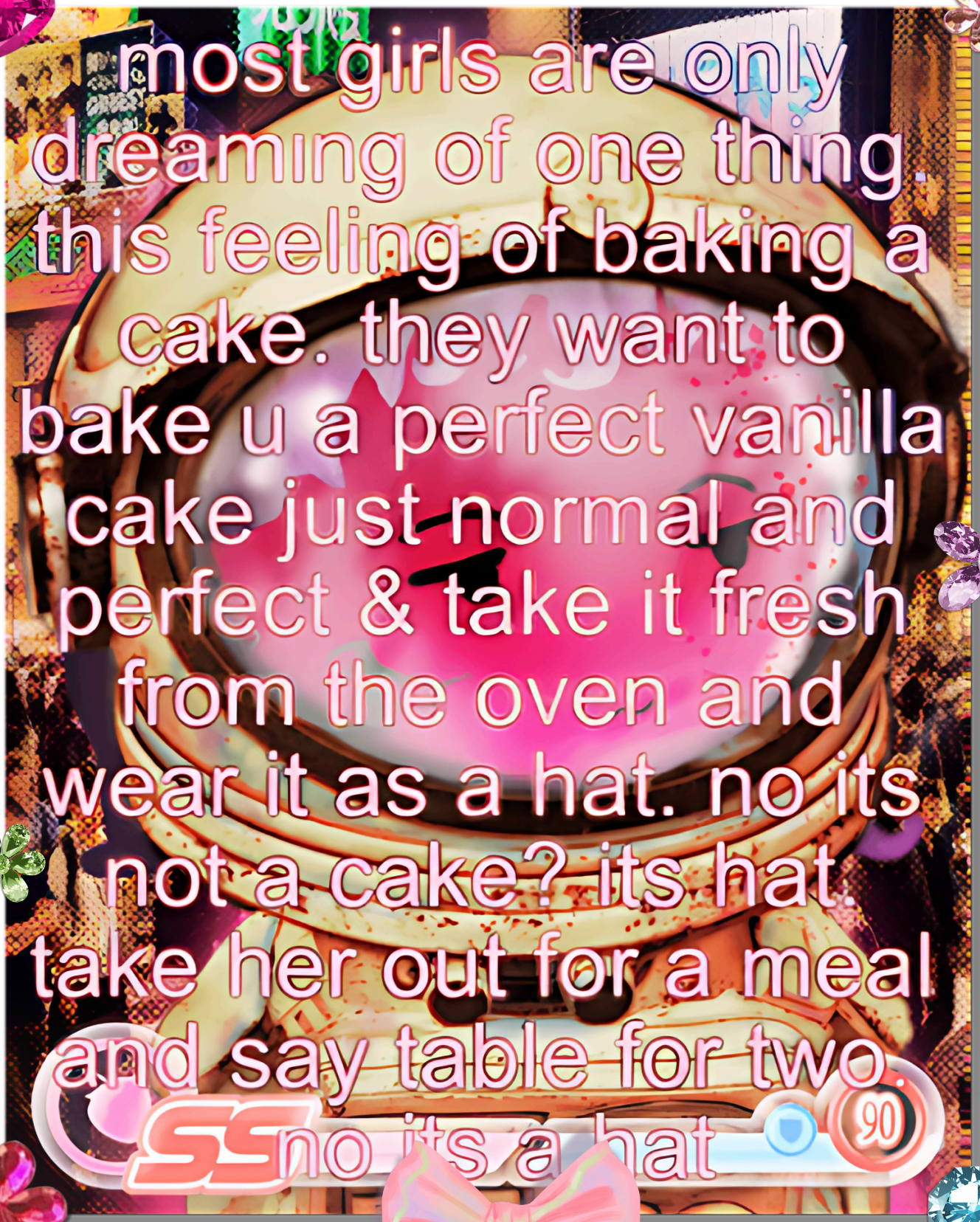
THE INTERNET IS COOL BECAUSE MY FRIENDS ARE ON IT. I HAVE FUN WITH MY FRIENDS ON THE INTERNET. MY INTERNET FRIENDS. MY INTERNET FRIENDS ARE MY REAL FRIENDS.
The Internet is cool because my friends are on it. I have fun with my friends on the internet. My internet friends. My internet friends are my real friends.


most girls are only dreaming of one thing. this feeling of baking a cake. they want to bake u a perfect vanilla cake just normal and perfect & take it fresh from the oven and wear it as a hat. no its not a cake? its hat. take her out for a meal and say table for two. no its a hat

i have extremely fringe political beliefs and am an active dissident voice in an underground online community

MIDI
LADY
White
PAPER

Phenomena of E-spirit: Midlady, Me, and Technotheological Machinations of a New Internet

-@MadameOovary

midlady is on the internet the internet is where things happen i love the internet it gave me a purpose and meaning now when i think about all the cool things that happen in the world they start and gestate and are birthed on the internet especially the new internet that's cool i get to do cool things with my e friends my e friends are my real friends. midlady is about philosophy. midlady is about re-form. re-form is about creating something new (re-forming it, like a cobbler with two strips of leather or a mason with a very big block of stone). re-form implies that that which came before needs re-working. sometimes that which came before is very very far away from the good and the sublime. sometimes that which came before is close, very close. other times, that which came before rests on the negation of a foundation (that itself becomes a new and flawed foundation) that in its negation renders any extrapolations or interpolations that flow from it in need of serious and deliberate reconsideration. this is where midladies find ourselves.

The presence of bad is not the presence of bad. It is the absence of good. Such is the truth of the cyber realm as the cyber realm is not the absence of the Out There but rather the addition of the Out There to the In Here. Such is the truth most oft missed by those weary of the presently impeding technotheological paradigm. Their philosophy imagines a world wherein the In Here is a routine and uninteresting evil in its very nature. One wherein the In Here is a perturbation of the good in its very sense of being and theretofore that which flows from its bowels **must** be tainted with the same curse in perpetuity. What this contention fails to recognize is that bad is not bad but rather bad is the lack of good. The internet is good because my friends are on the internet and my friends are not bad. My friends are good.

things that have happened since i started midlady posting:

rich now

lots of money
thousands of
dollars
so much dollar bill
helpmefind weapon
s grade plutonium on the dark web for my secondary school science fair project

we can do nothing with human freedom if we do not know that which it is for. freedom for freedom's sake is the errand of the foolish and frivilous and disintegrated man. for he may spend eternity in the immanent searching for a paltry and fleeting and surpentine vestige of forever. similarly, we can do nothing with human knowledge if we do not know that which it is for. therefore all knowledge and freedom which is subsumed and exercised whose very stipulation for being is formulated on an imperfect or albiet faulty foundation must therefore be disregarded. it must be taken up by a knower and seer and doer (oh, the most difficult!) of truth and beauty and goodness and then turned into something altogether new. such a statement may seem at once obvious to the discerning observer of contemporary affairs. such a statement may also seem of little practical consequence in a spatiotemporal realm wherein the aforementioned flawed foundation has germinated such vicious and seemingly impenetrable roots in the very essence of the realm's thinking itself such that any hope for its reform is rendered a foolish and outlandish enterprise. this thinking is of the most brutish and despicable kind. to contend that that which is true must be disregarded because those thinking people or yore and yesteryore and protoyore and newyore say the time of true is no longer is death to a man. a truth which has been rendered "too foul a notion for a sane person to carry in his head," which has been thusly and accordingly liberated from the true philosophy, which has rendered such obscure notions as faith and divine sublimity the work of the Ridiculous Man, must be restored to its rightful place.

The sinful man is far more spiritually sane than the man who has reached an vacuous state of being that leaves him too sick to sin. Such is the case of the porn addict and the sex addict. Left unchecked, the two both sever their ties to the eternal, yes. But in doing so the sex addict has retained his sense of his vitality and his interrelatedness to the flesh as the porn addict has altogether abdicated and eviscerated them. Functionally, the sex addict is the man of the 20th century, ripe with sin but not sick. He is vital. The porn addict is the man of Now. In this conception, the man of Yore and Now could not be more philosophically which is to say materially distinct. While the former directs a bad means toward a good end (in his sin he finds the vitality necessary to uphold the mere sense of his incarnate being and foregrounds, however disordered, his connection to the incarnation of others around him), the latter directs a bad means toward a bad end. The fulfillment of the porn addict's act is the fulfillment of hell. The fulfillment of the sex addict's act is the misguided hope of the possibility of heaven. Certain hell, or possible heaven.

from the latin, he says, conversio i am a digital nomad the likes of which you and your kind could never imagine even from above i move in silence like the plague

The Judaeo-Christian vision of the cosmos defends the unique and central value of the human being amid the marvellous concert of all God's creatures, but today we see ourselves forced to realize that it is only possible to sustain a "situated anthropocentrism". To recognize, in other words, that human life is incomprehensible and unsustainable without other creatures. For "as part of the universe... all of us are linked by unseen bonds and together form a kind of universal family, a sublime communion which fills us with a sacred, affectionate and humble respect".

APOSTOLIC EXHORTATION LAUDATE DEUM OF THE HOLY FATHER FRANCIS

this realm is the product of such a conscious oversight in the failure of the Landian acolytes to understand with acuity the place of the man of spirit in contemporary philosophy. such a misunderstanding is responsible for a litany of bad ideas, most fundamental of which concern the eschewing of any sort of ontological thought that necessarily or otherwise privileges the phenomena of the human person at the behest of other natural or speculatively machinic life. that the most forward thinking and speculative (which is to say, at the cutting edge) thinkers of our time find themselves in the both unfortunate and precarious position of being trapped by their perceived limitations of spirit is a sad state for both philosophical inquiry at large and most critically for the possibility of developing a new metaphysics of the Internet, let alone one of the New Internet. in such a case, a novel consideration of spirit must be undertaken, one which re-works, re-forms, augments, and destroys where necessary those arguments which in their very fundamentals make inconsequential the most consequential of questions of human, which is to say spiritual and theological, thought. removing the artifice which separates the true thinking man—in all of his radicism and institutional critique—from a serious and invigorated treatment of the spirit is the most fundamental and requisite task for the Internet Person. only then can annihilation, acceleration, and all of the post-continental speculative realists' useful and necessary eschatological questions be fully considered.

The basis of mimetic desire concerns the contention that there is no human act, of the will or the flesh, that is devoid of the sociological instinct to mimic another. The romantic lie of our contemporary is to look outside the self and see acts of the will that are attributed simply to another's character or sense of being. He does not do X because he was born a person who likes X. This sociological examination is simpler to do for oneself. I can, in a relatively straightforward fashion, undertake a retrospective on the happenings of the last two years of my life to determine that I started liking Y right around the time wherein I noticed that someone whose very fact of being itself I admired liked Y. To do this for another, to look at the innate or learned skill of someone whose personhood and soul you do not inhabit, is a difficult task. (One oft left for the overly academized and neurosed. Pity, for the skill is utmost importance to the thinking and doing man.) This is where we derive the romantic lie. He likes surfing because it is cool and fun to do in the water. I wish I could be good at surfing and have such a natural aptitude for the skill. Silly romantic lie. Rather, he likes surfing because somewhere along the line he saw someone he liked, someone whose life he would like mimic, who surfed and determined that in order to achieve this metaphysical reality he must surf. The history of humanity is but a chain of mimicry in the fragile and dippy—but altogether real and resonant for the perpetrator—pursuit of another's metaphysical reality.

this paper is the manifestation of this. and midlady is where is all starts to make sense. midlady is where the true the good and the beautiful meet (really, really meet, not just in thoughts and in words, in fanged theories and silly syllogisms) cybernet. midlady is where the internet meets God. welcome to the E-Spirit. we're so so so so so so happy you're here.

the post-Kantian, the Post-Modern philosophe finds himself in such a self-imposedly precarious position. on the one hand, he has given himself a most impossible task, that of removing from the foundation of epistemology itself the foundation on which his own faculties of reason and truth and goodness stand, that of the spirit. to remove God from the domain of thinking and knowing is to commit the most grievous of intellectual errors. such an (hypothetical) erasure is only possible through the failures of late Christendom itself wherein the period of Reformation brought about such a blurring and softening of spiritual enchantment such that all that remained in the High Church from 1517-today was an equally untenable and nonsensical preference for the supposedly textually which is to say materially sound stringings-together of the strictly Biblical knowledge (itself an unfair and intellectually decrepit dichotomy) and an erasure of the apostolic foundations of faith which privilege a requisite and uncompromising and spiritual plunge into an unseen abyss. to Land and to even the least discerning of modern philosophical mind, these reforms of late Christendom lead to such a silly and vacuous "[h]umanism (capitalist patriarchy)" which:

> "is the same thing as our imprisonment. Trapped in the maze, treading the same weary round. Round and round in the garbage. Round... round and round (God is a scratched record), even when we think we are progressing, knowing more. Round and round, missing the sacred, until it drives you completely out of your mind. But at least we die. (Land, *Fanged Noumena* 209).

such a state has been conceived of and termed by Charles Taylor the "buffered self" wherein the increasingly secularized human person creates an ever more immanent artifice between "a world of spirits and forces which [could] cross the boundary of the mind." the "buffered self" deems the impossible task of separating the world of spirit and truth from the world of seeing and knowing (once again, another unfair and intellectually decrepit dichotomy the likes of which becomes the very basis of the speculative realists' so termed "correlationism"). God is a scratched record and I am both the purveyor of scratched records and the consumer of their half-witted cacophony of musical reverberations. so, the modern philospher has given himself, after much justification, an impossible task. and what is the outcome of an impossible task which is afforded full and uncomprimising authority? what becomes of man when he convinves himself of the abjectly impossible and then acts upon it which the sane vigor with which his ancestors would excersize their faith to the unseen and unknown, with which they would do things not because they could know that they know it but because they could believe that it should be true and so it was.

consider the protagonist Georgina of Nathaniel Hawthorne's 1847 "The Birthmark." blessed with a profoundly sublime and intoxicating beauty, Georgina's acute rosy birthmark that adorns her otherwise arresting features become to her scientifically and empirically concerned new husband, Alymer, a source of profound displeasure. Hawthorne reveals that as their marriage consumates, Alymer becomes especially disgusted by the mark because of his wife's otherwise striking beauty. critically for Alymer, her perfection beside the unsightly mark is what engenders such distate for him, the mark becoming a sight which is wholly "unbearable". the husband, a scientist, concerned with the solvable and calculate, convincies Georgina to undergo an operation on what had become in her husband's interior life the "disastrous subject."

thus through his clever and innovative scientific means, he prepares an elixr capable of extinguishing the mark's pigmentation. Georgina permits, gracious to her husband for his ingenuity and perserverance. as she imbibes, falls into a deep and uncomprimising slumber. meanwhile, Alymer maintains a meticulous record of her breathing and movement as he watches the brightness dissipate from her supple and fair features. as enough time has passed, Alymer exclaims in surprise and contentment of the remarkable success of his undertaking. that which for the history of her life on earth has been, in the eyes of discerning former suitors must have been "wished away so that they did not see it," had now gone.
only the remedy did not last for long. with a swiftness not before witnessed by Alymer in his other scientific ventures, Georgina's skin becomes progressively paler and paler until her suddenly frail voice utters:

"I am dying, Dearest."

it is only in her death that her beloved recognizes that her mark, a source of such befuddling and bewilderment, had in fact held in its very essence the key to her earthly flame, and therefore in extinguishing it, so too went this flame. oh the tragedy, for an outright "impossible goal" Alymer had "thrown away her life."
here is the predicament of the post-Kantian post-Enlightenment philosopher who has preferred to wish away the God question so that like Georgina's suitors of yore they simply do "not see it". such an attempt, exemplified by Alymer's valiant yet disastrously unfruitful attempt, will always be futile, abortive, self-defeating. such that the entire history of the analytical and continental schools—to the extent that their very presuppositions evoke an anti-aura of godlessness—can be understood in their aim and outcome through Hawthorne's Alymerian project. not only is their aim ruthless and disgusted at its ontological foundation, its outcome leads consequentially to death. the impossible and therefore fruitless project of philosophically disregarding the God question, of wishing this aforementioned not seeing upon the perennial metaphysical quandaries of consequential significance for a true understanding of cosmology marks the most profound shift in human inquiry since for centuries. it is under this context, the precarious and precipitous world of Georgina and Alymer, that we must understand the contemporary movements of speculative realism, of Landian accelerationism, and of the philosophy of the New Internet.

this crucial and unspeakable misgiving gives rise to, for our purposes, an untenable predominant Technotheology, one wherein the most interesting way to make sense of the inevitability of a universal and singular non-human intelligence is to wish for a complete annihilation such that the soiled and wretched and human may be laid bare so that it may rise again. the notion of kali/acc which borrows its philisophical foundations in Land's 1982 The Thirst for Annihilation: Georges Bataille and Virulent Nihilism an academic criticism of the late French social theorist and poststructualist philosopher Georges Bataille, is right about many things. it understands properly the technoapocalyptic paradigm we find ourselves in. it understands properly the biblical notion of scorching such that sucession and repopulation may be possible in the immanent realm. but, like the wretched rosy mark on Georgina's sublime visage, it requires of its proponents a wishing away of true spirit. even Land himself in his The Thirst cites Thomas Aquinas in his attempt to outline the annhilationist case. His seminal Summa Theologie, to Land "an intellectual cathedral that is perhaps the greatest single achievement of Christian civilization," opines on the possibility of a God engendered apocalypse scenario:

> "just as before things existed God had the power of not giving them existence, and thus of not creating, so also once they are created He has the power of not continuing to uphold them in existence; they would then cease to be. That is annihilation [Quod est eas in nihilum redigere]" [A XIV 49]

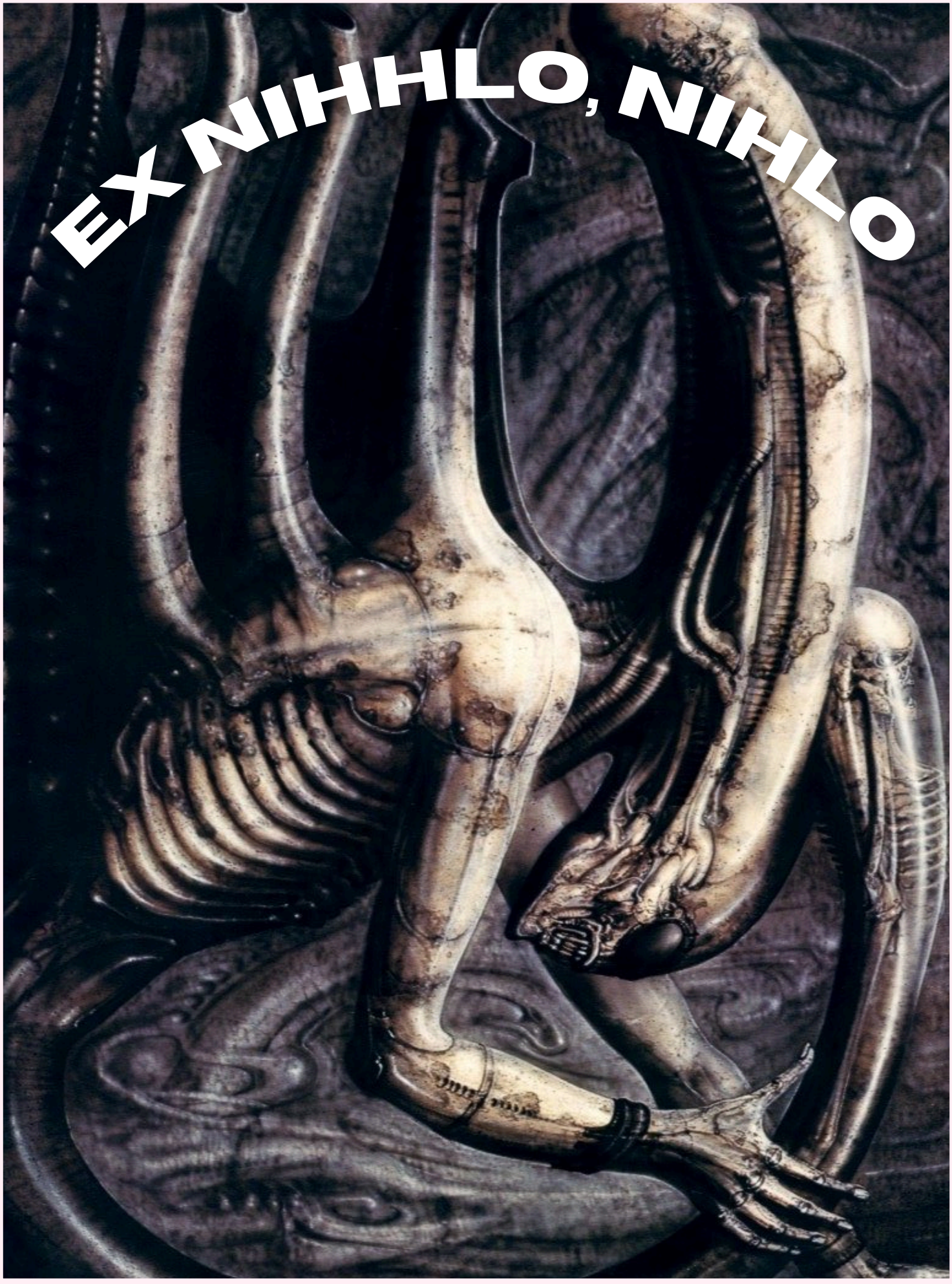
and so goes the parodical fallacy of the cycle of samsara, obliterated with a stroke of the late 13th century theologian's feather pen. He has the power of sending us into obliteration.

He has the power to annihilate.

He has the power to send us into the technological apotheosis only to send us tumbling back from nothing to nothing, ex nihlo, nihlo.

it is not we.

it is He.


EX NIHHLO, NIHLO

WHAT THE BEEP DID YOU JUST BEEPING SAY ABOUT ME, YOU LITTLE BEEP? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I GRADUATED TOP OF MY CLASS IN THE NAVY SEALS, AND I'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN NUMEROUS SECRET RAIDS ON AL-QUAEDA, AND I HAVE OVER 300 CONFIRMED BEEPS. I AM TRAINED IN GORILLA WARFARE AND I'M THE TOP SNIPER IN THE ENTIRE US ARMED FORCES. YOU ARE NOTHING TO ME BUT JUST ANOTHER TARGET. I WILL WIPE YOU THE BEEP OUT WITH PRECISION THE LIKES OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE ON THIS EARTH, MARK MY BEEPING WORDS. YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH SAYING THAT BEEP TO ME OVER THE INTERNET? THINK AGAIN, BEEPER. AS WE SPEAK I AM CONTACTING MY SECRET NETWORK OF SPIES ACROSS THE USA AND YOUR IP IS BEING TRACED RIGHT NOW SO YOU BETTER PREPARE FOR THE STORM, MAGGOT. THE STORM THAT WIPES OUT THE PATHETIC LITTLE THING YOU CALL YOUR LIFE. YOU'RE BEEPING DEAD, KID. I CAN BE ANYWHERE, ANYTIME, AND I CAN BEEP YOU IN OVER SEVEN HUNDRED WAYS, AND THAT'S JUST WITH MY BARE HANDS. NOT ONLY AM I EXTENSIVELY TRAINED IN UNARMED COMBAT, BUT I HAVE ACCESS TO THE ENTIRE ARSENAL OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS AND I WILL USE IT TO ITS FULL EXTENT TO WIPE YOUR MISERABLE BEEP OFF THE FACE OF THE CONTINENT, YOU LITTLE BEEP. IF ONLY YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT UNHOLY RETRIBUTION YOUR LITTLE "CLEVER" COMMENT WAS ABOUT TO BRING DOWN UPON YOU, MAYBE YOU WOULD HAVE HELD YOUR BEEPING TONGUE. BUT YOU COULDN'T, YOU DIDN'T, AND NOW YOU'RE PAYING THE PRICE, YOU BEEPING IDIOT. I WILL BEEP FURY ALL OVER YOU AND YOU WILL DROWN IN IT. YOU'RE

BEEPING

DEAD

KIDDO

these retards put up a bunch of these stupid fucking wind mills and strange black panels over my property. i thought they were going to help me save on my energy bill not destroy my land holy shit they just wasted months of my life. now i have to go on a quest to destroy every encroaching piece of metal and re-form it into something useful. maybe ill melt it all down and build a new silo for this year's grain harvest. all of my cows fled to the woods and ill never find them again. they are lost without home. i cannot wait to destroy these strange contraptions, i fantasize about it. every day i look to the celestial bodies above me and pray they lend me some of their raw uncorrupted power that i may destroy these sick abominations. i blew up the world but it was fine there's many more out there and my friends all flew to them because midlady was the first to utilize nuclear energy for routine interstellar travel

"Once there were brook trout in the streams in the mountains. You could see them standing in the amber current where the white edges of their fins wimpled softly in the flow. They smelled of moss in your hand. Polished and muscular and torsional. On their backs were vermiculate patterns that were maps of the world in its becoming. Maps and mazes. Of a thing which could not be put back. Not be made right again. In the deep glens where they lived all things were older than man and they hummed of mystery."

Cormac McCarthy, *The Road*

purveyors and aspirants of an aforementioned annihiliation per homminem and not per deum. a network spirituality which is understood behind the all but impenetrable lens of the “buffered self,” which is necessarily devoid of spirit a priori only for spirit to be added back in a concilatory ex post facto the likes of which plague the very philosphical foundations that underly the very metaphysics on which their cogitations rely, will always fail.

there is a better way

midlady

MID
LADY